

Colors

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Summary: Draco has an interesting encounter while out with his parents. With unlikely meetings and unfortunate circumstances, family isn't always what you expect. Written for The Quidditch League Fanfiction Competition[Season 4] [Round 1]

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**A/N- I tried to stick to canon as much as possible. **

Team: Puddlemere United

Position: Keeper

Prompt: **Write about your chosen Death Eater being with their family**

Word Count: 1075

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><p>"When will Father be back?"<p>

Narcissa looked at her 8 year old son's platinum blonde hair and pale, pointed face. He had a slight frown on his forehead.

"Soon, my darling. He has some work here. He'll be back as soon as he's done."

"I know he's gone to Borgin and Burkes. You don't have to pretend around me. I'm not little anymore," said the small boy, puffing out his chest and sticking his nose into the air.

"You'll always be my little Draco. But yes, given that you will be going to Hogwarts in three years, I think you have an excellent point," she replied, smiling at him fondly.

Draco gave her a look which was a mixture of feeling extremely important and extremely satisfied. The two usually went hand in hand for him.

"Can I go and have something at Florean Fortescue's?"

"Of course, dear. Here's some money."

She handed him a stack of Galleons and he put them into his robe pocket. He felt quite grown up, walking down Diagon Alley without his parents and ordering a large sundae with an insane amount of money jingling in his pocket.

Fortescue's Parlor was something from a child's most vivid dreams. The interiors were light pastel shades with enchanted snow falling softly and then disappearing almost as soon as it landed. The aroma of different flavors wafted through the air, tickling the senses and giving off the illusion of being located somewhere in the clouds.

Draco had been here a few times before and it was one of his favorite places to visit. The ice-creams were delicious, no doubt, but Draco also loved to see the different people who came in. It was a little game he played by himself where he tried to guess whether a particular witch or wizard was a pureblood or not. At other times, he would try and guess which House they had been sorted into at Hogwarts. There was, of course, no way to confirm any of his guesses which made him all the more confident because he couldn't be proved wrong. All in all, Florean Fortescue's was a place Draco loved visiting.

His eyes scanned the shop but didn't find anyone of particular interest. A few Slytherins and a couple of halfblood Ravenclaws; nothing unusual.

Walking towards the display counter, he stopped at an odd sight before him.

A young woman was sampling different ice cream flavors and each time she tasted a particular flavor, her hair changed color and length. Draco stared at her for a long time, wondering if Florean had somehow invented ice cream flavors which changed a person's hair color. But then, he saw a few other children sampling similar flavors and nothing happened to their hair.

It took a while for the right word to form in Draco's mind but he walked up to the young witch, excited to see how she changed her appearance.

"So, you're a Metamorphmagus then?" he asked, puffing out his chest slightly, proud to have been able to remember and pronounce the word properly.

She turned towards him but her bright smile faded as she took in his appearance.

A small, red haired boy bumped into Draco and cowered slightly as he scowled at him.

"Watch where you're going, you little weasel."

He turned his head back to the Metamorphmagus in front of him while she surveyed him slowly.

"I'm- "

"No need to guess who you are. Blonde hair, disdainful expression," her eyes moved towards his silk robe, "outrageously expensive clothes" you must be a Malfoy."

Draco scowled at the tone of her voice. He had never been spoken to like this and her cool expression coupled with the patronizing way she had uttered his name made him want to hit her with something hard.

"Nymphadora, here's the money you wanted. We need to hurry otherwise-"

Draco turned to see a vaguely familiar older woman approaching them. He felt like he had seen her somewhere before but he couldn't quite remember where. She had thick brown hair and large brown eyes and wore robes over Muggle clothing.

"Who's this? What are you doing, Nymphadora?" she asked, glancing between Draco and the young witch with a frown on her forehead.

"I told you not to call me that, mother!" muttered the rude Metamorphmagus.

The older witch gave her daughter a pointed look and turned her attention back to Draco. He was beginning to feel slightly uncomfortable. There was something very familiar yet foreign about the way the woman was looking at him.

"Who-"

"Draco, whatever is the matter? You've been gone quite a while. Your father is-"

Narcissa stopped short as she took in the sight before her. She saw her son standing with her older sister and, presumably, her niece with a scowl on his face. She wondered what on earth she had done to deserve this extremely unwanted and awkward situation.

"Cissy." The brown haired witch greeted with a slight nod of her head.

"Dromeda," Narcissa replied coldly, "I see you've met my son, Draco."

She nodded her head and glanced at Draco once before returning her gaze to Narcissa.

"This is my daughter Nymphadora."

The young witch bristled slightly at the name but kept quiet nonetheless. Draco stood there, confused and annoyed. He didn't like not knowing what was going on.

"Mother, who are these people? Do you know them? You can't believe

how she," he glared at Nymphadora, " spoke to me. Father would be furious."

"Draco, this is my sister Andromeda and that makes Nymphadora your cousin."

Draco looked like he was about to explode. His pale face was turning green and purple alternately while Nymphadora looked at him coldly.

"It was nice to finally meet my nephew, but we must be going," said Andromeda while placing a hand on her daughter's shoulder.

"Likewise."

Narcissa walked out of Florean Fortescue's with Draco in tow and only breathed a sigh of relief when they were at the other end of Diagon Alley.

"Mother! Why didn't you do something? She was so horrible to me! I'm sure she's a Gryffindor! And how can you be related to them? They were wearing Muggle clothes underneath their robes!"

"Don't worry, Draco. Your father will hear about this."

Draco smiled smugly at his mother's words but didn't notice the momentary flicker of sadness in her eyes. But it was just that - momentary.

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><p>Cheers!

End
file.